

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PALM DESERT  
ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

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Folan, Magaw Ruth

Interviewed By

Patricia young

January 29, 1980



INTERVIEWEE: RUTH MAGAW FOLAN

INTERVIEWER: Patricia Young

SUBJECT:

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TRANSCRIBER: Linda A. Jantzen

PY: This is an interview with Ruth Folan for the Historical Society of Palm Desert Oral History Project by Patricia Young at her home on Birdie Way in Palm Desert. It is January 29th, Tuesday, 1980, at four in the afternoon.

You were telling me that you came down here as a child, and your parents were down here even earlier.

RF: Yes. Oh, yes. Around the turn of the century. Well, I would have been born down here. You're not recording this.

PY: Yes, go ahead.

RF: Oh, well . . .

PY: Just generally. We just talk generally. We don't want anything . . .

RF: My father, James Howard Magaw, known as Howard, came with his three brothers, Frank, John and Alfred, to the Thermal



area in the first years of this century. His father and mother had come to Valley View, California, from Halstead, Kansas, bringing with them the two younger brothers and the sister in 1898. Howard and Frank had remained behind in order to graduate from the Lawrence High School in Lawrence, Kansas. And the oldest brother was completing his education at the University of Kansas. After their mother's death and their father's subsequent marriage, the two older brothers brought John and Al, the two younger brothers, to Coachella Valley with them in order to establish a new life. And Howard bought some acreage approximately equal distance from Coachella and Thermal, and began farming. When my mother came from Los Angeles to teach school in Thermal in 1903 or 1904, she and my father met and fell in love. They were married in Los Angeles in July, 1904, and returned to the desert to a small adobe home which my father had built of bricks, which he had made himself assisted by an Indian or Mexican helper. My mother was a city girl, born in Denver, Colorado, and an alumni of the University of Colorado at Boulder. However, she readily adapted to the new ways, learning to bake all her own bread and pastries, churning her own butter, and cook on a wood stove. She learned



that hot tea was more refreshing than cold, and that water could be cooled in a pottery jug, called an *otji* I believe, if kept wrapped in wet burlap. Melons were cooled in the artesian well which supplied wonderful, cool water. The adobe house, however, proved cool until heated by the hot sun. Then it became very warm and cooled slowly. So my father built a sleeping porch where if one were covered with wet sheets it was possible to sleep comfortably. There was also an ice house and country store in Coachella. And my parents took a daily ride with their horse and buggy for their supplies, and perhaps to meet new friends and visit. The first farm land proved to be alkaline, and so it was sold and forty acres were purchased near Indio. An even better artesian well was drilled, and my father built a small frame house adjoining the George Beach's home. He planted alfalfa, melons and onions. Its greatest attraction for my mother was the new neighbors of whom my father and mother always spoke with affection. They were all young pioneers with great expectations and very congenial. The names I remember them speaking of are the George Beaches, the Haywards, the McPheters, the Ingrahams of the famous watch family, and John Webb, son of the famous educator



and brother of the founder of the Webb School in Southern California, who was a very interesting person, full of anecdotes and very popular. My sister was born in August, 1905, and sometime later Ruth arrived. This, of course, added to my mother's home duties. She made us fourteen dresses, seven apiece, seven gingham ones for morning and seven white ones for afternoon, probably for their daily buggy ride to town. Remember, this was not the day of permapress. However, understand when things piled up a Mexican lady helped with the laundry, and she was a big help. And my mother spoke very highly of her and the neighboring Mexicans as being such very clean housekeepers. I never heard my mother complain of the hardships here on the desert. Her greatest complaint was the difference in the hours of the working day of the men and the women, especially when there were small babies to care for. She told of the abundance of rattlesnakes, and that one avoided going out after dark for fear of stepping on one. However, the men took care of that problem, and often hung their collection of snakes on the fence and removed the rattles for their collection. It was not the hardships that caused my parents to leave beautiful Coachella Valley, which both of them loved, but



one of the periodic depressions that occurred to farmers as well as to others. As I remember father's account, he was forced to let a bountiful crop of onions rot on the ground because he could not afford to ship them. The reason being that the Southern Pacific Railroad had financial interests in Imperial Valley. And in order to help the Imperial Valley farmers, they gave them a lower freight rate from Imperial Valley to Los Angeles than the farmers from Coachella had to pay to the same market. The Coachella Valley farmers found it difficult to meet the competition. My parents salvaged what they could and moved with reluctance to Los Angeles. Later my father spent several years in Sinaloa, Mexico, where he managed the production of large crops of early canteloupes and tomatoes for the Los Angeles and perhaps eastern markets. About 1924 my uncle and father, and my father, bought twenty acres at Oceanside where they eventually planted avocados. They had renewed their friendship with John Webb, and I met him and his daughter at one of their visits to Oceanside. They were both delightful people, and my father continued his friendship with John Webb through the years. Some time, let's leave it to this, in the early 1940s my Uncle Al came to visit his oldest



brother Will whose daughter had inherited a date ranch where the present Indian Wells Date Shop is now from her mother. Here we held a family reunion. Uncles Al, Frank, Will, my father and mother, Will's daughter Clara, my sister and I, drove to the first adobe house which was still standing under a huge pepper tree. Then out to the frame house near Indio, which was then a date orchard. The Beaches were still there and we had a brief visit, but the others were gone. Now regarding the date ranch in Indian Wells. My understanding that it was bought in the 1920s from Mr. Cook,, and I think that's Bill Cook.

PY: Probably his father, C. E. Cook, I think.

RF: Could be.

PY: Yes.

RF: And it was <sup>built in the</sup> early 1920s by Thomas Crutts who was a great uncle of my cousin Clara. And he was a wealthy Chicago realtor. And he built the house as a hunting lodge for his men friends. He was not a married man. And so there were five bathrooms and five bedrooms and a nice swimming pool, as well as the large living room with fireplace, a large kitchen, and a large dining room. Then attached were living quarters, a bedroom and bath,



and another living room with a fireplace for a caretaker. And it was then put under management. My uncle just kept a caretaker there. When he passed away, he had willed it to his sister who paid very little attention to the property because there was quite a large estate amounting to more than a million dollars. I understand it was three million, but I'm not quite sure. And she had wealth of her own, so she put it in the hands of the banker, and it wasn't very carefully managed. But when she passed away, she left it to her four nieces, among them being my cousin's mother who had married my uncle, William Magaw. I believe that her mother passed away sometime in the late 1930s. The mother did not live. She wasn't a well person. She didn't live to have anything to do with the ranch. But Clarice had suggested to her when they were dividing the estate which had dwindled because various litigations over the disposal of the estate between the relatives. And Clara told me that she had asked her mother to ask for this date ranch. There were two others. And then one of them went to a sister, Mrs. Stratton, and the other one went to another sister. I don't remember just which one. Clarice's mother passed away in 1939 in Los Angeles then, and she



left it to her only daughter, Clarice. Clarice then came down and took charge of this date ranch because it had always been in the red. And she then hired people, as I understand it, maybe it was in the days of the dust bowl and she found some very capable people that had come out from their disaster here. And they were very reliable people. And she had a foreman and about three others. And they stayed there the year round. And there was something to do every month of the year on the ranch, as I recall. You see, it had to be, dates had to be bagged, and then they, well, they had to be fertilized. Then they had to be bagged, and they had to have the fronds all cut off before people could climb them to pick them. And, of course, the irrigation was going on all the time. It was always a lot of fun to come to the ranch because she always had some livestock that the manager took charge of. She always had a couple of horses. And then there was a time when she had a cow and I think there were chickens and a pig and different things. And we always, the routine when we came down was to take the daily inspection of the ranch. We'd walk over the ranch and looked to see how it was being kept and visit the horses with some sugar and things like that.



It became a focal point for family reunions because of the five bedrooms and five baths. They could accommodate quite a few people. And we would come down, not at the Christmas holidays because Clara and her father spent them with my family, but as soon as Christmas was over, we'd come down and stay through New Year's. And we always came down and had our Thanksgiving dinner here. And then later we had, and then we went to the Easter sunrise service, which was very interesting because we'd get up before dawn and drive into Palm Springs. And it was held behind the old Desert Inn. And I believe the University of Redlands conducted it. I can remember it started with letting the doves fly out, and then the chorus marched, came up the hill in their robes, the choir, and sang. And we'd see occasional movie stars. I think Randolph Scott was one of them that was a faithful. You always saw him there, plus some others that I don't recall. And we had breakfast then afterwards at the old Tahquitz Hotel, which was charming but is no longer there. But it was very pleasant at that time. Then the dates, then the war came on. And there was either an embargo on dates or in some way the dates were not imported into the United States. And sugar was scarce. So at that



time my cousin was a very prosperous ranch. And she told me that she had paid income tax on a hundred thousand dollars profit from that in one year. And she branched out then, and she maintained her residence in San Marino. She had a lovely home, and a lovely home in Emerald Bay at Laguna. And we always had a place to come to up in the mountains, too. They had a two-story place that one came up to in the summertime. We never came down. I can remember coming with my cousin with the payroll maybe on the Fourth of July or something like that. But ordinarily we never stayed overnight or came down in the summertime except for my cousin came for business purposes. My cousin married while she was down here. And she married a John Coburn, and they had a son first, and then two daughters. But he became ill and passed away with a heart attack. And so it was, she was very, very fond of him, and that was quite a tragedy to her. But later on she remarried, and she married, I don't recall his last name, Bill. And Bill was a date broker. At any rate he bought dates and sold them and packaged them, and he had big ideas for the ranch. And so he, they had always been marketed through the Garden of the Setting Sun which, of course, was an



unfortunate name when the war came on. But I don't know what happened. They didn't market it through them further because Bill took charge of it, and marketed it under their own name. And then he changed the name, well, they had never had a name because my cousin was a very retiring type of person and avoided all publicity. But they changed it to the Desert Outpost, and then he did a lot of remodeling and they put in dates and jewelry and all sorts of things. And during that period I was not in close touch with my cousin because they were all tied up with the children and the date, and I had other interests, too, that kept me away from here. Well, that marriage didn't work out, and he passed away. And so then my cousin never remarried after that. But she continued to run the date ranch. And I was out of touch with her for a long time. And when I became in touch, she came to see me after I was married, and told me then that she had sold the date ranch. That would be after 1965. And had bought another place down on Bob Hope Drive, somewhere along in there, and Country Club. And we had come down into the desert for the Thanksgiving weekend, my husband and I and some friends, but she was anxious for us to come and see the house. But my friends were late risers and we didn't get over there. And she



was a little provoked with us. And so we didn't, she went on back home before we got together. And so I never saw that house. I know where it was, and she had pointed it out to me or told me where it was or something. Well, that, I guess, is about the story of my family's involvement with the ranch there. Oh, I forgot to say that after the war, I can tell you a little bit more. When we stayed down here, the only entertainment was to go into Palm Springs for the movies. And it was black as pitch if the moon wasn't out coming home. There were no lights at all between Palm Springs until you got to Cathedral City. And then it was pitch black the rest of the way. And sometimes we could see the lights over at a date ranch off the road. I don't know if that was the Mirage Date Ranch, but it had a similar name, and that may be where is Rancho Mirage, but I don't really know that. And I understood that the, we passed a ranch that belonged to the Gillettes on the way, too, but I never saw any lights there at night. And it was really quite frightening. In fact, their car was run off the road at Araby. Where Araby is not coming home one night from the movies, my cousin and her father were together. But she had a rather heavy fur coat on and managed to slip out of it and run to the highway and hail a car down.



But her father then, I guess, was robbed and somehow he was taken, he arrived at the Indio Police Station. And the person that picked her up took her to the Palm Springs, so they got in touch with each other and neither one was injured except robbed. So it was not always a peaceful, quiet place, although I don't know whether someone had seen them and had followed them out of the movies or just what it was. But there were no gas stations between Cathedral City and here. No grocery store. There was no business of any kind whatsoever when we came down here. And then after the war, my cousin bought twenty acres immediately facing the ranch. And she did not have a well on it. And she drilled a well and planted twenty acres of dates and grapefruit and put a cottage over there with someone, a workman or something stayed there with his family. And then when, and all here, across the Highway 111 was just absolutely barren. And when they started the first development up, I think maybe by Homestead Road up there it seemed, why people would come in with their little Piper Cubs and park in the street, you see. And that was their, they'd fly back and forth from Los Angeles or somewhere, and thought nothing of it. And the first, when was that? Well, it was after the war.



And then the first thing that I remembered, but this was after my cousin had left this area, or we were not in touch with her, we used to come down to the Shadow Mountain Club for lunch and things like that. And we enjoyed that. That was the big thing on the desert at that time. They had wonderful tennis courts. And Darlene Hard was a friend of ours, and she was one of the seated players and she used to come down to practice for her tournaments and things like that. So then when I finally got in touch with my cousin again, she had sold all her interests here and so forth, and was living in Monrovia and eventually moved to Laguna Niguel where she passed away just a year and a half ago. And she was my only first cousin left. But she left the three children who are now grown. But the son passed away. He accidentally shot himself, and, oh, about two months after the mother passed away. So now all that are left are the two cousins that I knew as babies, you see. I used to come down when they were babies. And it was a lot of fun seeing them grow up. But this was never their main home. Their home was always in San Marino. One thing that's down that she said that her uncle, Mr. Crutts, was a very good friend of Walter Swingle. And perhaps he was helpful



in . . .

PY: Dates probably.

RF: In the dates. It said started some of the agriculture down here and was his friend. And among his other friends, I guess, were Bert Cavanagh. The uncle that really bought it was Thomas Crutts, and he was highly successful. He bought property all over Southern California. There were the three date ranches down here, and two lovely places that I've seen, two lovely ranches up in Ojai, and industrial property in Los Angeles. A huge acreage down in what is now South Laguna, but the bank advised his sister who inherited it first that it would never amount to anything and to just let it go back for taxes. And he also had some property up in Cherry Valley that my cousin went back and bought for the, paid up the water bills or something on that. That had just been neglected because his sister was quite an elderly woman and she lived in Los Angeles with a housekeeper and a chauffeur. And money just, she had her own money, and when this came, it was really a burden for her. She just didn't bother too much with it. So the estate was quite dissipated by the time it got down to the heirs.



PY: What were the roads like? Do you remember traveling?

RF: There was a two-lane road that we came out. And there were spots where the color of the road was the same as the color of the sand. And on those dark nights, and my uncle was rather elderly and he insisted on driving his car, and we were very (laughter), well, we breathed a sigh of relief when we arrived safely back at the ranch, so I say.

PY: So the roads weren't real great.

RF: No, they were not, but they were paved. It was an asphalt road, and we took many trips down around the Salton Sea and there were a lot of interesting places to go to. And the place that I remember best is Shields Date, not Shields . . .

PY: Valerie Jean?

RF: No, we went to Valerie Jean's when it was first started, too, and that was very interesting. But the one that was here for so many years, Sniff's Date Gardens. And we always, that was a ritual when we came, we always went over there because he had such a wide variety and even when I moved down here, I always took my eastern visitors down there because they loved a date shake and they could see, you know, five varieties of citrus fruit



growing on one tree. And everything was labeled, and it told the early history of the valley as you walked through the gardens to get back to the shop. And it's, I feel it's rather a loss to this area that that has, no, Shields has always seemed to me to be too commercial, and this was rather picturesque in that it's more like the going into a private home with a lovely garden.

PY: Never heard anyone say that before.

RF: Well, for many years I think it was, you see in business for forty years. And they always had lovely flowers. And you felt like you were really on the desert, whereas Shields, you know, it was the shop and then this, oh, rather sensational sex life of the date, you know. I thought was hilarious! And then, you know, they wanted to be sued for libel. But they say, you know, these, they have twenty-eight varieties of dates that grow nowhere else in the world. Well, it was only because they planted twenty-eight seeds and they weren't, they came up, they had twenty-eight seedlings and maybe some turned out pretty good. Then they would say, well, this can be purchased only here on the ranch. Now maybe I'm taking a very cynical view at it because I was very partial to the Sniff Date Gardens, and I thought, well,



no wonder it's only bought here. They're so soft you couldn't chew them at that time, you see. (laughter) You had to come and get them. But that's just a very narrow-minded view perhaps, and very, you know, prejudice, I wouldn't say that was the truth. But that was just my opinion.

PY: A lot of people said that they spent more time actually going to Indio because it was easier to get to Indio than it was to Palm Springs, but your uncle . . .

RF: But we never did. We always came from Los Angeles through Palm Springs. And I remember, oh, Louise's Pantry before it was in that little building, you see. And then there was this large building. And even then in the very early days it was a drugstore, I believe, and you could get the most delicious cold salads and it was always a lot of, and then for years we came down. My mother just loved to sit on, and let us wander all through the little shops. It was quite different then, but it seems, Palm Springs seems quite commercial to me now. And I'm so glad we have El Paseo because while Palm Springs didn't have as many, but they had little boutiques and interesting shops, and it was fun to walk up one side. As I recall, Palm Springs ended at Ramon



Road. And two of the sisters who inherited date ranches from early days had built rock bungalows made out of native rock, and they were right on the main street of Palm Springs, just past Ramon Road. And I think the Ramon Drugstore might have been on Ramon Road. And then just beyond that where the two sisters had these homes that they came down to only in the winter, and then they had them planted. And when summer came, when they moved away, why that just died out and the gardener came. They were quite well to do in their own right, and they came down for the Indian mud baths, which were, I guess, where the spa is now. I'm not sure, but I think that's where they were. I was under the impression they were a little farther this way, but I could be mistaken. And they were thirty-five cents. Quite a little difference in price. But, of course, they were quite primitive compared to what you get at a spa. There was no comparison. But we always enjoyed coming to Palm Springs. And even for years afterwards we always came two or three times during the season. And then my husband was from New York, and he just thought this was paradise. Could hardly wait until he could, we lived in Hacienda Heights and bought this house. As I say, a couple of years before we were ready



to move down. And so then we finally moved down.

PY: What was the attraction of Shadow Mountain Club if you had Palm Springs?

RF: Well, it had, it was a country club, and so instead of going into a hotel to eat, you sat out around the pool, and their lovely food was served. Or you could go into the dining room. No, I think we had refreshments around the pool, and we ate in the dining room. And it was a private club that you went into and so it wasn't open to the public. And you could invite your friends and sit around. It was very inexpensive. In fact, when we bought down here, my husband did not want the bother, the upkeep of the pool, and so forth, because we weren't swimmers. But he thought of his granddaughter and daughter, and so we intended to join the Shadow Mountain Club, which was only like two hundred dollars, and twenty dollars a month, and that was so much cheaper than building a pool. But in the two years had elapsed before we got down here, they had changed the whole situation, you see. They divided it into a golf course. It was no longer a dining room and so forth, so there was nothing to join because we weren't golfers. But that was a great disappointment to us because we had planned to belong to the Shadow



Mountain Club and then have access to the pool and so forth for the children. And to have a place to eat and entertain our friends. And, of course, then when we came down here, Indian Wells Country Club was open to the public, so we entertained our friends there. And then Ironwood was open to the public, and we entertained them there. And now we go to Rancho Las Palmas. And I don't know if, I haven't been to Mission Hills lately, so I don't know if that's still open or not. But I enjoyed that. But I always think there will be another country club opened up because since I don't play golf and I don't play tennis, and all I want to do is have lunch at the dining room with my friends that come down from the city, it works out all right for me.

PY: Great. Well, I thank you.

RF: You're welcome.

PY: Very much.

RF: We had Charlie McCarthy.

PY: Oh, Edgar Bergen.

RF: Edgar Bergen flopped. The ranch, I think, just behind.

He was a neighbor at one time down there.

PY: *The Indian Wells* date garden now.

RF: Yes. But, of course, when it was making money, you know,



that was when people then started to come down and buy it up after the war, I think. Before that time, I don't think there was any development because, you see, there was no water all across the street. I remember, it might be of interest that she said it cost her twelve hundred dollars a year, a hundred dollars a month, for the electric bill to run the pump for the water there. So she was always faced, you see, with a large payroll, and which was quite a bit of money in those days. And so my uncle said in August when it started to rain, he'd get up and walk the floor because you see, if your dates got wet, and you lost your dates, you had all the bills to meet just the same. She never did because she was, although she was from Boston and was a city girl, she went into it very methodically and she insisted that it was cared for beautifully. You see, she kept I think four men on a ranch the year round. And there was no devil's grass under the trees or anything like that. That was all beautifully bagged. Then one of the problems was that the date trees grew taller, and as they grew taller, it was harder to get people to pick them. And there was one time when they just shook them off, you see, and that's terrible. It's a great loss, but at first they



hand picked them, you see, so that they picked the ripe ones. And that's when the dates had the best flavor. But, and it was dangerous. You had to take a machete knife. But you had to take something, and they went up the tree and cut all of the, those poisonous tips off the fronds, the palm things, before they went up to pick. But as they grew taller and taller, I think eventually they tacked the ladders to the trees. But when I first came, they weren't that high, you see. And she pioneered in putting interplantings of grapefruit and tangarines between them and things like that. She was very up to date. As far as business was concerned, she was, managed things very well.

PY: I was going to ask something. Oh! Did she ever talk to you about Patton being in Palm Desert area? Was she ever down at the time that they were using that for . . .

RF: Well, we came down, she would give us, we couldn't come on our A tickets, so she always sent us just enough T tickets to come down and back. So we were down here during the war, but we didn't see much of the, you know, people didn't travel that much down here.

PY: So you never saw what was going on in Palm Desert.

RF: No. Well, maybe we saw a lot of jeeps or something



parked someplace, but nothing that could be of any interest. And maybe truckloads of soldiers. But you saw that at Camp Pendleton and it was all around Southern California. So this didn't, we didn't think of it as anything unusual. And then, of course, I can remember during the war the El Mirador Hotel, you see, was commandeered as a place for the soldiers to recuperate and so forth. And my mother and I would come alone. And in that time we thought nothing of, we always picked up a couple of soldiers because they were standing out in front of there to hitchhike. And I was the high school teacher at that time, and I always chose just young people. And I never took two, I always took one, and went down a couple of blocks and picked up another one, and we never had any problems whatsoever. But we just considered it our patriotic duty, you know, to give them a ride into town.

PY: Oh, you'd just take them from the El Mirador into Palm Springs?

RD: No, into Los Angeles. Because that's where they were going, and so we never thought anything of that. And so they were all over Palm Springs. You know, we'd see them in their uniforms and all. But that was the war



all over southern . . . you know, we had camps all around and saw the jeeps and so forth. So it wasn't anything special.

PY: Yes. Very interesting.

RF: Because we used to pick them up in Camp Pendleton because my father had an avocado ranch down there. We did the same.

PY: Sounds like your family was into agriculture.

RF: Oh, yes. They were. Now they were, that was what they were, well, because they were pioneer Americans. And the pioneer Americans who came to this country, you know, started ranching. They came before the Revolutionary War. And then they kept moving west and taking up land and so forth. And that's what my father, that's what he knew what to do. So he came down here when land was cheap, you see. Glad he didn't stay.

PY: (laughter)

RF: Say that again. They had private telephones or very small ones. And I remember going down to Indio and it was very expensive to call from here to Palm Springs. It was a different rate and perhaps even a different company in Palm Springs than the one down in Indio. I remember going down to that small little telephone office,



was very small, and talking with my cousin who had a business down there. And that really posed a problem. But when my mother was down here in Thermal, there were something like seventeen on one party line. And so they each had a ring so you didn't answer your phone. But my mother suspected that many people answered all the time. (laughter) Perhaps that's why the news got around in this small town. But I thought that was interesting even then, you see, there was the telephone in 1904. And my mother taught in the Thermal Elementary School in fifty-six, you know, one term. And that was the teacher from Los Angeles. And the reason I was born in Los Angeles was there was no doctor down here. So my mother, I was a summer baby. All the summer babies were born off the desert at that time. So my mother went up to her mother's in Los Angeles, and she could have the benefit of a doctor. And then when I got sick, there was some doctor who was recovering, I think, from TB, or there was a TB sanitarium or something. And he took me down and he said he couldn't tell what was wrong with me. That I could stay overnight, and gave me some castor oil, and by morning I was well, so it wasn't necessary. (laughter) They were afraid I was coming,



I don't know whether I had a fever or something, and they were kind of excited about it. So they took me up there and he said, well, he couldn't tell on a baby like that. And couldn't make a diagnosis because I couldn't tell what was wrong, where it hurt or anything. So he thought, I guess, castor oil wouldn't hurt anyone, and so that was it.

PY: That's great.

RF: Yes. But I couldn't tell where the dunes were. And we'd just slide down the dunes just for fun, you know. There was so little social activity down here, you know. And then, of course, we could go down and have access to paint pots below Salton Sea. And *upsidan* was all over the place that you could have picked up. There was no restriction anywhere. You were just free to go and, of course, no building permits at that time up when my mother and father were in Thermal, you see. They built their own house with their own design. I don't know, I'm sure that there were no building permits either year. The rooms were very small, the bedroom, because they were supposedly going to be, you know, used by perhaps just one person. *But you know we managed* to get two beds in there, a double bed, and that was about it.



And each one, but it was a wonderful place to bring the children down, the babies, you know, and so forth. And I never ate a grapefruit until I picked them off the tree, and taste how sweet they were. Grapefruit used to be very sour. They've developed new varieties and, of course, the sun down here and tree-ripened fruit was altogether different than what you bought in the market in Los Angeles. So then I developed a taste for grapefruit, which I had avoided before. (laughter) But it was very interesting. But you see my cousin was never really in residence here. Maybe they'd stay a week or two or maybe *EVEN* I don't know. But it was really, but she managed it and she had a manager on it who was apparently very trustworthy. When I was Xeroxing my grandfather's civil war letters, the young man that was running the Xerox at the spa Xerox asked if he could make a copy because he said his father had worked for my cousin. And maybe if he could find his *name maybe* I think you'd find maybe a lot more. It would be interesting to see what he had to say because he was down here and lived down here.

PY: When was this that you had the Xeroxing done?

RF: Not too long ago, but if you go over and I could phone up



FOLAN

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and ask the man because . . .

END OF INTERVIEW